# HOW THREE WORKING GIRLS ANSWERED THE QUESTION.

By One of Them.

Dear Little Sisters of the Rich:

Imagine us, three poor working girls, sitting in the warmth of our own fireside, in the bright, cheery glow of our own evening lamp! What a contrast the little group within range of my vision now presents to the one upon which my mind's eye rests. One cold evening about a year ago my sister Janet, my cousin Amy and myself sat shivering and unhappy around the cold radiator in our room, the most forlorn looking trio in New York. We were the victims of a most aggravating boarding house mistress, an account of whose tyranny I will spare you, as these facetious dames are the particular property of the funny man, merely mentioning that the rhinoceros meat served up to us as roast beef on this particular evening was the reason poor Amy, who was cross and had a bad cold in her head, rushed out of the dining room, slammed the door violently and tore upstairs to our room, where we presently found her loudly proclaiming herself not only ready but longing for death. I tried to make myself agreeable by advising her to grin and bear it, but she was highly insulted—said she had borne enough, and positively declined to grin when her nose was so swollen she couldn't see over it. Then I remembered that silence was golden, and sat trying to solve the problem of our wretchedness. We ought to be happy, but were far from it. Suddenly some words of Dickens came to me like an inspiration: "Cherish the faith that in home and all the virtues which the love of home engenders lies the only true source of happiness." The problem was easy after that—we had no home, how could we hope to be happy?

Well, I was thinking thoughts nearly all that night, and when I outlined my plan to the girls they were as anxious to try it as I. The result was we begged what furniture we could of our relatives "up the State," bought what else was absolutely needed by pooling our savings and going without new suits, and here we are keeping house in a little jewel of a flat, with the dearest old lady in the world for our guide, ruler and friend. We transported the dear old soul from the country with the understanding that she should relieve us of all the housekeeping, but she developed "sand in her jints," lumbago, etc., so we wait on her and do the housework nights and mornings, and—don't mention it—Sundays, too. This last almost breaks poor auntie's heart, for she is an old-fashioned Christian and thinks that everything we do in the way of work on Sunday is "written against us." I have tried to convince her that the recording angel is so busy keeping tab on Egyptian diners and dancers, diamond clad soubrettes, etc., that he overlooks poor little sinners like ourselves who live in five-room flats and wash the towels and handkerchiefs on Sunday because the laundryman charges seventy-five cents per dozen, but she will not be convinced, and persists in praying for us continually.

CARRIE BARRS, New York.

## WORKING WOMEN'S HOMES: WHY HAVE THEY FAILED?

There are nearly 285,000 self-supporting women in New York City. Where and how can these women live with any degree of comfort and independence?

Here are some of the big "Homes" that have been started for them by well-intending persons and which have been closed for various reasons.

**The Woman's Hotel (the project of the late A. T. Stewart).**
**Primrose Home for Self-Supporting Women and Girls.**
**Home for Art Students.**
**Carolyn Association; a Home for Working Girls.**
**Home for Girls Under Twenty Years of Age.**
**Morton Street Girls' Club.**
**Bond Street Home for Working Girls.**
**Home for Working Girls.**
**Elizabeth Street Home for Working Girls.**
**Non-Sectarian Home for Working Women.**
**Society for Benefiting Working Girls.**
**Christian Home for Self-Supporting Women.**

The chief reasons given by the managers of the Homes are lack of "financial support" and "ingratitude." On the other hand the working women claim that the chief causes are: "Too many rules," too much unbearable watching."

# WHO EVER HEARD OF A HOME FOR WORKING BOYS?

By Martha Denslow.


WHERE and how can working women live? I'll tell you. In the same kind of place and the same kind of way in which workingmen live.

Poverty has no sex. If a girl gets $10 a week she must go and find a place where she can live and save a little for her clothes.

Comfortable? Of course not. Good rooms and good food cost money. If you haven't money, you must get along without the things which money buys. Men do; why shouldn't women?

Who builds homes for working boys?

A girl who has her own way to make in this world must learn that she isn't doing the world any marvellous favor by consenting to work—and to live on what she earns.

As for all this nonsense about "latchkeys" and "safeguards." A girl who fights her way through a factory doesn't need a chaperon. If she does the chaperon is of no earthly good.

These ladies who found "homes" and "shelters," where every girl must be in bed by ten, and where there is compulsory religion, mean very, very well. Sometimes they even do well; but if I were a working girl I should thank no one for intimating that I didn't know enough to take care of myself.

Latchkeys?

Of course. Any woman who is miserable enough to have to work like a slave for a pittance is sensible enough to be trusted with a latchkey.

If she wasn't she wouldn't be working.

Comfortable homes for working women!

There's no such thing.

A "home" means a husband and a baby, and nothing to do but look after that husband and that baby. When a woman is forced to work for her living, she has to give up the very word home. This doesn't sound as well as it might.

The truth is seldom euphonious.

I've known dozens of working women who have tried desperately to solve that dreadful problem, "work" and "home," and nearly every one of them gave it up in helpless despair. One girl in Chicago claimed that she and her friends were in sight of the Promised Land. They belonged to the June Club. Seventy or eighty girls kept house together, and hired a housekeeper.

That's the nearest I ever heard of working women having a "Home"—seventy or eighty of them trying to live together.

MARTHA DENSLOW.

# "IS IT A BATTLE FOR THE LATCHKEY?"

By Mary Gay Humphreys.

"For the Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady are sisters under their skins."

UNTIL the truth of this observation, recently made by Mr. Rudyard Kipling, is accepted, there will continue to be disappointment, I fear, among those who hope to be of service to working women.

The fact that out of the numbers of lodging houses established by charitably disposed women for women, only two have survived must be ascribed to the failure to recognize that the poor are not different, but only differently circumstanced.

From Mr. A. T. Stewart's praiseworthy undertaking to historic No. 80 North Washington square, the story of these would make a comic chapter in the philanthropic history of this city, except that it is sad to see the wreckage of good intentions and so much money uselessly spent.

Mr. Stewart's project, it is commonly alleged, was deliberately made untenable, a hotel, such as is the Park Avenue, being more desirable property. In any case, it is an interesting corollary that the women for whom it was designed refused to accept of its luxuries at the price of their self-respect.

When the Teachers' College was first organized it occupied the old Union Theological Seminary, on University place. The young theologues had been admirably housed. There were broad corridors, little sitting rooms, with bedrooms adjoining, and open grates.

As the pupil-teachers were few, the Teachers' College decided to reinforce their finances by using the house as a lodging and boarding house for women, until it was required for its own purposes. The offer was accordingly extended, with the understanding that there would be no restrictions that would not obtain in any boarding house.

At last here seemed an enterprise that might result in something permanent in the way of a woman's hotel, since the demand and the feasibility could now be easily demonstrated. The rooms were prettily, though simply, furnished, the beds satisfactory, the service good. They were accordingly quickly filled with teachers, artists, writers and other unattached women of their kind.

The result must have been equally satisfactory to the college, for the income from these tenants amounted to more than the rent, which was $6,000 a year. Yet, with so fair a beginning, the encroachments upon the freedom of the tenants and the increasing disposition to regard them as inhabitants of an institution became at length intolerable.

This seemed to have culminated when a visitor to an estimable woman of sixty was admitted to her sitting room.

"What is the matter with my appearance?" he asked. "What am I accused of? Is my character finally vindicated? Before my card could be sent up to you it had to undergo inspection at headquarters."

Such had indeed been the decree. All cards of male visitors must be first submitted to the Superintendent. The futility of hoping to find telltale evidence in a bit of inexpressive cardboard did not discourage the authorities, since the precaution would tend to render the tenants careful.

Nothing, it should be added, had occurred to suggest such supervision over the visitors of the house. It is brought forth here to illustrate the extent to which well-meaning women feel called upon to exercise their responsibility toward other women.

It is this excess of responsibility that has rendered ineffectual the various lodging houses that have been established for women. In one house they require the boarders to go to prayer. Quite outside of a girl's need or desire for prayers, to a girl who must be at her factory or shop at a precise moment, and must make allowance for delay in the street cars, the few moments of collective devotion is of consequence.

At another house the meals fall in a prescribed time, and the girl delayed or hindered goes with scanty fare. Again, the lights are turned off at a certain hour, the girl who earns so little that she must make her own clothes or perhaps wash and iron them in the evening, is inconvenienced. But it is around the latchkey that the great battle wages.


"A Woman Who Works For a Pittance May Be Trusted With a Latchkey."

# WHEN THE NERVOUS WOMAN EATS TOO MUCH.

DO not attempt to care for a patient in your own family—especially a nervous patient—if you can in any way employ a nurse. If that is not possible, detail one member of the family to attend to the patient, and see that she is not expected to do anything else.

Putting the room in order is the first work of the newly installed nurse. If the patient can be moved while this is done, so much the better; if not, it must be done little by little, so as not to cause too much disturbance. A bare floor with small rugs, while not an absolute necessity, except in contagious disease, is always best. All hangings and drapery must be taken down and all unnecessary furniture and bric-a-brac carried out.

Two small tables, a large easy chair, the bed and a cot for the nurse should be left. Cover tables with towels and keep them fresh and clean. On one table, placed out of sight of patient, should be a night lamp and a small tray holding two thin glasses—a large and a small one—a graduate glass, teaspoons, and medicine. These should be cleaned as they are used, and not taken from the room. On the second should be placed a small tea service and other things generally used. The bed must be kept smooth and fresh, and no one should be permitted to sit on it. The nurse's cot can be made to serve as a couch during the day. Under no circumstances should a nurse ever sleep with a patient, though frequently people make no other arrangement for her, and think it all right if the patient does not mind. The room should be a sunny one and quiet, and a fireplace is also desirable.

An alcohol lamp is necessary; hot and cold water must be near at hand, and quiet and order must be the law.

First of all in the care of a patient comes the doctor's orders. Write them down, and there can be no forgetting. Keep a record of everything done for the patient, and the work will not only be easier, but systematic; and then, too, the doctor will know if sufficient nourishment has been given without asking before the patient. For nervous people often fancy they have had nothing when really they have eaten more than the nurse.

After the morning bath, and that must be at least an hour after breakfast, see that the room is darkened and quiet for half an hour, or longer, if possible, and do not permit any one to disturb the patient at this time.

For meals, make the tray as attractive as possible, serving very little and on pretty dishes. A dinner plate served with meat and vegetables, as for a well person, will often make it impossible for an invalid to eat at all. The selection of food and its preparation will do more for a nervous patient than anything else except sunshine and fresh air.

## Have We Got an Aristocracy of Women?

Editor American Woman's Journal:

Madam—I know you must be a woman. You don't edit "tootsey-wootsey-pitsum 'little sing" stuff, and call it a woman's page.

Men always do that.

I want some opinions. I wonder if some of the Woman's Journal readers will give me some.

I want opinions about the aristocracy of America.

There is an aristocracy in America. It isn't a money, or a blood, or a breeding affair.

It's the aristocracy of women.

All over the world you hear of it—the aristocracy of the American woman. She's better looking, better bred and better educated than the American man.

Every one knows that.

Every one but the editors.

Editors go right on, being kind and sweet and superior, and telling women how to look young, and never once dreaming that there's a woman over thirty years old in the world.

There isn't—in a man's world.

American men are proud of the aristocracy of American women.

American women are ashamed of it.

I'm an American woman, and I don't approve of it.

The women of a country should not be the superiors of the men of that country.

It's a dangerous business.

It means nothing more nor less than the gradual decay of the nation.

The dear old, good natured, self-sacrificing American man doesn't see what is coming. He thinks Uncle Sam will pull through anything.

So he will—if Aunt Mary will let him.

I am not writing flippantly. I am in earnest—in deep, serious earnest.

Is it a good thing to educate our daughters to be teachers and our sons to be clerks? Do we want to have an aristocracy of women?

If we don't want to have such an aristocracy, what are we going to do about it?

KATHERINE M'CULLOUGH.

## Good Things Women Have Done This Week.

The Galveston Woman's Exchange has disbursed $1,000 among needy women.

May Irwin assisted the women interested in the Prison Guild to give an entertainment for the prisoners.

Miss Clara Barton has published a report of her relief work. The proceeds from sales will be given to the Armenian fund.

Mrs. Lucy Bigelow Young, of Salt Lake City, is an earnest worker in the relief societies of the Latter Day Saints.

Mrs. Ballington Booth is caring for the six discharged convicts of the New Jersey penal institution that were formerly members of her society.

Members of the W. C. T. U. are sustaining a hospital for the Armenian sufferers at Budapest.

The graduate nurses' alumni of the Women's and Children Hospital, of Syracuse, will maintain a room in that hospital for the benefit of sick nurses.

Mrs. A. Glen has established a children's lunching room in a grammar school in Brooklyn.

Mamie Schwarting and Angie Groccia, two little girls of Port Eaton, have raised $24 for Armenian sufferers.

Police Matron Bennett, of Omaha, gave a raffle for the benefit of a Mrs. Grebe, an invalid in her charge, and secured a home for another dependent woman.

Sumner Brown and Adelaide Drerman, young women of Calvert, Texas, raised $200 for the Buckner Orphanage in one afternoon.

## "She Never Asked to Go Out."

A side light, says a London paper, was unconsciously thrown on the ever-disturbing maid-servant problem recently by the American mistress of one of the very few Japanese domestics in service in this country. The question of how the alien comported herself in her new environment came up, and it was stated that docility, cleanliness, gentleness and ability were among her characteristics; but her crowning virtue appeared to be that, as she had no acquaintances in the country, "she never asked to go out." How delightful for an unfeeling mistress (how sadly monotonous for the maid!) this bit of human mechanism, that never stands, even for a brief space of an occasional afternoon, on an equality with some other human being, but whose perpetual attitude is that of a servitor! A mistress need not have a kind heart—a little imagination would suffice—to make her realize that it is a species of cruelty unpardonable in a Christian country to permit a poor alien's horizon to be bounded by the interests of her employer's establishment, much less rejoice in so stifling and unenjoyable a state of affairs.

What would a mistress of this type think of an employer who, in addition to allowing the usual Sundays and Thursdays, sends the domestic to the seashore for the day, and plans a holiday theatre matinee for her and her friends, and who arranges for her an Autumn day in the woods; who also, every day, reads a little of the best news of the day to her and who, during the election excitement, carefully explained the issues at stake? The persistent effort of this other mistress is to enlarge the horizon and broaden the interests of her domestics.

Poor Japanese domestic slave! Never wants to go out, indeed! What a commentary on her mistress!

## Conserving the Lover.

Catching before conserving, of course. But, once fast in the mesh matrimonial, it is well worth while to keep the new husband very near to the old lover. But you will never do that, young madame, if you do not take pains. Genius, you know, is only an infinite capacity for taking pains. You have had sermons galore as to how you should keep and dress your house and yourself—with what cakes you shall charm your lord's palate and how you shall make yourself perpetually a joy to his eye. That is all very well. Excellent—good, indeed! But it will be as dust in the balance unless you learn something else.

The strongest virile impulse is mastery. Whatever impinges harshly upon it makes against harmony and the continuance of affection. It is your husband's place to be stronger, taller, bigger, wiser than yourself. Whether he is so or not, makes him believe in his supremacy. "Conceit," says Dr. Holmes, "is to humanity what salt is to the sea—it keeps it sweet."

So, if you would have a happy home, keep the master of it well in conceit of himself. To do it you may have to sacrifice somewhat of truth; also to put forth a degree of tactful patience. If you are an average American girl the chances are that you know a lot more in books than your partner—also, that as time passes you will have occasion to increase this disparity of attainments. But never let him suspect the fact. Guard your perception of it as you guard choicest secrets of your toilet. If you needs must set him right, never do it with brutal and triumphant directness. Rather moot the point, as though you felt a need of enlightenment, and call him laughingly to witness your discovery of a mistake. Ten to one he will remember and amend himself in that particular, whereas, had you taken him to task for any flaw of speech or manner, you would have aroused his obstinacy, made him defiant, and ended by confirming him in the objectionable thing.

Do not make the mistake of forever agreeing with your spouse. As certainly as you do that your society will pall within the half year. Give him now and again a rousing argument—always taking pains, in the end, to get the worst of it. In the course of it throw out suggestions that he may seize upon and use upon his own side. He will not appropriate them just then—but listen to the next time a controversial crony drops in.

But do not abate by one jot or tittle your endeavor; neither coddle yourself with any sickly sentimentality about "lowering to his level." His level is that of the broad, common-sense, work-a-day world. If you can help him to do a man's work—fill a man's place in it—you will deserve and receive a rich reward.